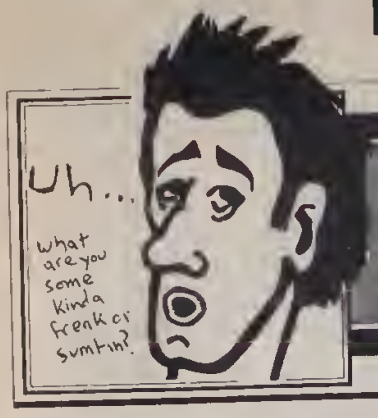
SPECIAL 2nd-TO-LAST ISSUE OF YEAR! DETAILS INSIDE.



the entertainment weekly of Rutgers University

LIVINGSTON COLLEGE • RUTGERS UNIVERSITY

THE MEDIUM

Wednesday, April 20th, 1994 • Volume XXIV Number 23

"The chief enemy of creativity is 'good' taste." Pablo Picasso

Tit for Tat

Matt Valenti
News Editor

An open letter to the DCGA . . .

On April 6th the anniversary of the infamous Douglass College Governing Association "tit flash" was quietly celebrated by those devoted breast lovers who hold dear the fond memories of that wondorous occasion. Over a year of waiting for a repeat performance, the hundreds of closet DCGA fans are crying out for more breastices. But alas, those Douglass bra straps are silent. The mammary glands are still fiercly straining against the silk bonds of their cruel master's underware. (Oh, the horror!) And the DCGA is doing *nothing* about it!

So what, you may ask, can the average tit watcher do about this? Can you go to the DCGA meetings every Tuesday night in the Douglass Student Center and merely *hope* for a spontaneous breast flashing? Or can you take a more active role, and perhaps drop a pen on the floor and try to glimse some prime Douglass cleavage? The answer to these questions is 'no'. The fact of the matter is, Douglass girls...no... that's Douglass women (or is it wimmin?) are never going to repeat their performance unless you, the people, *demand* some action. Write letters to the DCGA or call thier office (no heavy breathing, please). **Let the DCGA know that you want BREAST and you want it now!**

. . . and we're not talkin' chicken !

Livingston College...

SPRINGFEST!

LC 25yrs (still piss & vinegar)

Sponsored by: LOCO LPB RHC LSC

MUSIC:

Bigger Thomas
Latin Jazz Connection
Daily Planet
Ace The Boss and Technique
Liberated Gospel Choir
Urchins

FOOD:

Blimpie's
Thomas' Sweets
Beer
BEER
did we mention
BEER

GAMES:

Velcro Wall
Sumo Wrestling
Tarot Card Readings
Spin Art
Twister Mania
Double Hoop Basketball
Dart Game

Saturday, April 23, 12 Noon - Between Tillett and Kilmer

EWS (I'm not really gay, I just act that way)

Vladimir Snoozes at LCGA

by Vladimir Khanin

I've gone to a lot of LCGA meetings, but this is my first opportunity to write an article about those wacky pandemoniums of our so-called radical student leaders. You know, after spending over seven month on the LCGA, I got used to all the weird stuff which is usually occurs during the meetings. However, this Monday's meeting was really quiet one. Or at least *almost* a quiet one.

First, we did not approve the minutes, because some people decided that Secretary David Guercio was too biased while describing last week's meeting. Whatever! Like he is the only one who is too biased on this body...

Next on agenda was our beloved Staci Berger. She told us that Gov. Whitman lied to us about the tuition cap and that it's ain't gonna happen. Also, we have to be ready for 15-20% tuition hike (in addition to that student fee increase). Staci concluded her speech by saying that all politicians lie and that all of us should go to a rally in Trenton, against this actions. The bus for the rally will leave from Livingston Student Center, this Wednsday at 9:30 in the morning. GO,YOU GOD DAMN FOOLS!!!! The LCGA reaction was kind of surprising: silence and a couple of questions. Probably because our beloved Xavier was not present, otherwise he would've turned it into another revolutionary speech.

After this terrible news from Staci, Roger Strong told us about upcoming elections. We are finally sure about the date, it is going to be April 26 and 27. The petitions are due by Friday, April 22. And if you are running you MUST stop by the LCGA office on Friday at 4:30pm for numbers lottery for ballots. Also, there will be an info session on Monday, April 24, right before the LCGA meeting.

Next up, Jesse Gribben's report about the RCGA elections. Why the hell he was giving it I still not sure. Anyway, the RCGA election are really messed up, there were a lot of allegations, including those about three LCGA members, some tickets filed an official court charges. Basically, all of this is just a bunch of BS. After Jesse's report we had huge debate over what should we do. Finally we decided to send some people, with Steve Guzman as spokesperson, to the RCGA meeting asking those guys to announce the result of the elections which were invalidated. Cynthia Grob said that "it's fucked up". Jesse asked us to endorse the RutgerUnited ticket. I said that it would be a bad idea for the LCGA to interfere with other elections. It's just not democratic, after all. Fortunately, the body was reasonable tonight.

Next, Cynthia got the floor and started the explanation of the appeals for the next year budget. Basically, if any of you Livingston students have any problems with any organization applying for the budget go talk to Cynthia.

Ryan Ullman's resolution from the last week's meeting about the handicapped entrance to Tillet was passed unanimously. Wow!

Tom Floersch gave his presidential report. He talked about student fees "hearings", Springfest, and a lot of other important stuff, but honestly the body was too apathetic at that point so it was no reason for him trying to explain anything to that crazy crowd.

Vice-President's report, as well as Secretaries and Senators reports were said in one word: nothing.

For a while the body continued to have a little chat among themselves but no one paid attention. We were tired, and trying to prepare for the elections which I predict will be REALLY, REALLY messed up this year. Trust me.

Next Week:
The last issue of the *Medium*. Prepare yourself, oh gentle readers, for a 20 page mental fuckfest. Oh, and by the way, we'll be having a nice front page interview with the big guy himself. No not GOD - the other one . . . Fran Lawrence! Eeek!

MEDIUM

Lick my clit you silly twit!

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Secret to RCGA elections: they all cheated.

Things you can't go wrong with:
Naming your firstborn son "Spud"

OPINIONS

THE DAVIS REPORT — Josh Davis

coma: a stream of unconsciousness
the week in review
for W.S. Burroughs

"Where nothing is real and everything is permitted."

—William Seward Burroughs

Somewhere, but not here, I'd imagine, something like this, but not here...

In the churches, in the streets, in the sewers, on the plains, on the highways, in the mental wards exists the end of the world. That's right, true-believers, I have seen the apocalypse. It's been a while and I'm back to ruin your lives with more philosophy that pertains solely to me but, what the hell, I've gotta tell someone, right?

You see, I awoke the other morning to the sights of my own blood and puss congealing around my eyelid and I thought that I'd been murdered. That's right, for a minute, I was sure that the only reason I was moving was due to *rigor mortis*. Upon reasoning that I was not deceased, I quickly got up, woke my friend, and we went to the hospital. Ah, yes, the hospital. There's something to be said for the sickeningly sweet sterility of controlled environments that essentially make you feel as if you have more in common with urine specimens than the people who analyze them. To make a long story longer and more convoluted, I was in the fucking emergency room for six goddamn hours. Five doctors later, still no one knew what was wrong with my eye. "Well, it could be a scratched cornea.... well you might have torn a tear duct..... well, it could be irisitus..... what's that, you have light-sensitive eyes? Here, let's bring in this battery of nursing students, get the biggest, brightest halogen bulb we can find and nuke the hell out of your pupils and call it a teaching experience, hey!" Can we say, *lab rat*?

sometimes I just drift....

Well, Kurt Cobain is dead. You probably saw last week's cover, right? I was real keen on that. Good-bye Grunge boy, good-bye Lizardking, good-bye Walrus. Find me a champion in the land of ZERO-HEROES—one I can't sell or buy for $19.95 with a lifetime guarantee—batteries not intended. Man, I need a rest, I need a break, I need respite. Grunge demons infesting my body, I need to be *Generation X-ercized*...The MTV is telling me it's time to mourn, post your antennae at half-mast.... everything is trash trash trash, mama, trash.

I used to be an adult, but then I drank my OVALTINE....

Let's go to sleep and dream unifying nightmares, like looking in a mirror of thought: pretty scary, pretty sick; sitting in a room, staring in the corner, wondering where your life went yesterday today last week tomorrow.

save me, true-believers, give me easy listening music the USA Today and take away my pen, God, I ain't ready I'm gonna go play wiffle ball one more day, I took some M&Ms and some acid pg-13 prose I'll turn on the TV and melt away lucid non-contingent pixel crazed hermit 'cause I'm just a boy with BUBBLE YUM on my shoes and a set of global keys in my head

"You look like you're in pain." the doctor said, patching my eye.

"Yeah, whatever." nodding despondently....

what do the deceased think... something to ponder....

Italicized passages appear courtesy of the privately published poetry anthology THE NEW WALLS All corneas and vitreous humor can be sent to Joshua Davis, LPO 11437. All laser surgery should be aimed at jadavis@eden.rutgers.edu. The author's iris can be heard Sundays at Midnight on WRLC, 1110 AM on your radio dial. Hatred is a beautiful thing..... Or so he says.... -- Ed.

MIDWEST PERSPECTIVES — Clutter & Coscarelli

I DREAMED A DREAM

I had this fantastic dream last night where I was subjected to pseudo-intellectual conversations with people I graduated from high school with. While these yupplings reasoned that the 1960's civil rights movement was a "boil on the butt of humanity" and agreed that Rush Limbaugh was sent to Earth to lead us. I tried desperately to escape-only to find that I was in a wheelchair and couldn't get away nearly fast enough. Upon waking in a pool of my own URINE, I realized what a fantastic analogy this is for the suffering which I was forced to endure at the hands of those drones; Four years wasted to the conservative tune of those yuppie larva. You see? Salvation from suburbia lay in the impending and while misery was my only company in that wasteland called secondary education the SHEEP around me were living proof that "ignorance is bliss" (that's why they were so happy!). It feels so nice now that everything is in perspective....and it also doesn't hurt knowing that I will never again have to look a classmate in the eye and explain to them the word "autonomy." -Gwen

ALL ABOUT KATE

This week, my partner Katherine will abstain courteously from voicing her opinion....she's either on a religious sabbatical or having something pierced. So feel free to harass her via e-mail at Carlotta@Eden. (She told me to tell you that she still likes it from BEHIND)

AND NOW....A LITTLE ABOUT THE SHIT WE ARE FED

We have little choice when we are born about the gender we will become and even less choice about the societal expectations which will be placed on us — for instance, the "idea" of masculinity and femininity. It is these behavioral norms which have tied us as beings down, the notions about what a "man" is: aggressive, emotionless, strong and independent. What a "woman" must be: emotional, dependent, and weak. When individuals try and break through these exceptions for behavior, they are labeled and ridiculed. Consider our fucked up beliefs about sex, I mean, who decides that it is a women who is a "sexual

continued somewhere else

MY MY MY - THE FORUM — Ms Scardino

l'amour

(love, in case you don't know what it means....)

Yes, it's finally spring, and love, or something like it, is in the air. Pheromones, hormones, Drakkar, Sun-in, cut offs, you know the story. I'd like to call it love, but that would just be wrong. As a friend pointed out to me just this morning, as we contemplated this whole "love thing", "There is no love, only lust." (There is no Dana, only Zool—quick, where is that from?). What the HELL is love anyway? It's possible to be friends, and to be romantically involved with people, even both, but where is the line drawn between a good relationship and love? Is it when you don't consciously consider the relationship, "I guess it would be convenient and nice to, since we're friends...", and instead just see someone from across the room, and go, "Wow, they are one for me...I feel pretty, oh so pretty..." No, that can't be, because that's only physical attraction. How does one know? Huh? Huh? Huh??? Does this, like, hot pink neon sign appear in front of your eyes when you behold your destiny, with a big arrow that says, "He/she's the only one for me?" How do you know, what kind of test can you do to tell? I don't know; this whole "serchin'" thing is getting a little more than tiresome. Perhaps the convent would be nice...with all the pretty flowers, up in the hills, with the sound of music... WEEEELLLL I don't know if I could swing that. BUT, the scary thing is, I don't know if anyone knows what love is. I am just not sure. People I've talked to that say they are in love, end up, maybe not tomorrow, maybe not the day after, but, they end up splitting up. Maybe there is just no such thing as l'amour. Maybe it's all lust, with a twist of affection and a side of laughter. Well wasn't that poetic. Of course, you can love things *about* a person, their laugh, their smile, their thoughts, how they look from behind in jeans, their car, their waist-to-hip ratio, but what is "true love"? The reason that so many marriages end in divorce is probably because people settle for less. They are about to graduate, see a lot of things that they love about a lover, and say, "good enough." Is it? What is love, for the millionth time? If you think you know, write and tell me, but.. I doubt you REALLY know. Remember, my user name is "escard"—or write at DPO 1688.

Oh....But.....anyway.....LOOK. We all know what's goin' on here. Hey, there are only a few fleeting weeks of school left. Unless you meet someone who lives in your region of Jersey or someone you simply adore, then chances are you're probably just on the prowl for a quick hook-up/pick-me-up of sorts. Well, in case you have trouble when, faced with a sea of faces, figuring out which one is best for what you want, or even if you don't, read on, sugarpie...

And remember... (I'm into these dots today) "The more that are there, the more you're bound to hook up with one, it's like fishing, you know."—Anon guy sitting in front of me on an L bus. (Fresh meat, catch o' the day, YUM!)

Whaddya Want?

A. Completely and utterly meaningless physically enjoyable hook-up, no strings, but maybe a rope or too (what wit!)

B. Hookup that's sort of, like, maybe you're almost ready for something kind of serious.

C. I'm going to graduate soon—NEED to find someone...soon...NOW to marry—gotta do it!

D. Oh, I want...something REAL, only something akin to true love, if not the actual thing, will do!

If you answered A., then this is what you do.

What do you wear?

men—tight t-shirt; even go with the sleeveless look if you're buff enuf. Jeans, and, strangely enough, belt with buckle. Draws the attention right down where you want it. Use lots of cologne—it's a beacon. Remember—D-r-a-k-k-a-r. Or something cheap that says "sex", Hair—go with the gel, today's greaser type's standard—cheap sleaze screams SEX.

wimmin (no sexist trashcan, please—if you actually read us, you know that we're NOT)—Go for the bodysuit—with as much decollete as possible (all readers of Vic's Secret—all of R.U.—know what that means). Blacklight? Wear white. Think "revealing". You are entering the primeval level one spawning pools of our university (most parties). If you're really out for a catch, go to the Roxy—but be prepared to catch something nasty from some of the, uh, I guess they're people, there. Think TIGHT. Buy clothes with cut-outs, clothes that scream, as one of my dear friends puts it, "fuck me". NO excuse for rape, don't get me wrong PLEASE—no excuse for that EVER. Wear strappy shoes, and big hair is still a winner.

What to say?

Of course there is the ubiquitous, unisex, "Wanna go somewhere...", without the "and talk" on the end. It basically means, well, I don't have to spell it out for you. In case the latter is too, too primal, go for something like...if words are indeed necessary...

male: "Hey, you know, you're THE most beautiful woman that I've ever seen." If you're eyes wander lower than her face when you're saying this, it's alrite—more honest that way, at least you're intentions are clear. Compliments galore—mean them or no, they might get you in her good graces. No shit like, "Hey good lookin, what's cookin", though—it will just let her know all too soon what a moron you probably are.

also continued somewhere else

H, I'M LEAVING IN A WEEK...

Once and for all....

Get Rid Of Those Damn Hippies!!

by the ever subtle **Michael Haskell**, *Opinions Editor*

Well, kids, once again it's time to elect the loonies who sit (and throw things) on our own version of Tiny Toons, the Livingston College Governing Association. Over the last couple of years, the L.C.G.A. has gone from an apathetic body that doles out money to "worthy" organizations to a traveling circus that throws anything they can get their hands on at other members when these members don't agree with their idea of "worthy." The main offenders in this case? **Chris Agostini**, hurler of many carbonated products and unsupported paranoid delusions; **Rob Alvarez**, hippie radical and tosser extraordinaire; **Rodney Jackson**, purveyor of many threatening postures (such as the classic "I used to play basketball, you better watch out..." Watch out for what? Are you going to dribble on people who don't agree with you?); and **Cynthia Grob**, who gives everybody she thinks doesn't agree with her generally mean looks. Do you remember the old saying "If looks could kill....?" Cynthia's looks CAN kill. (It's true. Well, not really.)

So these are the "bright" minds that will lead us into the next year, unless....oh, I forgot. They have to get enough votes to actually make it ON the body for another reign of terror. Are you starting to get my drift? If you don't, let me spell it out for you: **DON'T VOTE FOR THESE FOOLS.**

Before we get on with the reasons these shining examples of idiocy shouldn't be allowed back though, let me explain something about the rest of the so-called "radical" faction of the L.C.G.A. I do have reservations about some of their politics, and I don't go for the retro-sixties way in which they try to make these politics known, but that doesn't mean that they don't do a good job. To tell you the truth, other than the unfortunate private lynching of Matt Valenti and Lori Burke a few weeks ago, most of these people have a fair idea of how to hold a conversation. Well, Tracy Luszcz (see, Tracy, I DO know how to spell your name!) had a problem with holding a quiet conversation with me a week and a half ago, but she said hi to me the other day, so I'm not sure that she isn't improving.

Anyway, people such as Ryan Berse, Steve Guzman (doing a VERY good job in his freshman semester on the G.A.), Tracy Luszcz, and Ryan Ullman are examples of people who, while impassioned, try to maintain at least the semblance of decorum in a body that annually doles out upwards of **$120,000** of your student fees. (Well, Tracy seems to be trying, I guess.) These people represent the type of person who is doing positive work for the Livingston College community with positive methods.

Alvarez, Jackson, Agostini, and Grob do not represent positive work. These people are part of the cancer that is ruining the L.C.G.A. and, furthermore, add to the perception that Livingston is useless and redundant. Really now, do you want the rest of the university to look at your college and immediately think "L.C.G.A.? They're the ones who throw bookbags and tables at their own members, right?" This is the exact impression people get when **Rob Alvarez** decides to have one of his little fitties because he's angry that people might exercise their right to free speech by telling him that his politics may be wrong, that his methods are stupid (remember when he chained himself to the radiator in Fran Lawrenee's office?), and that he should rethink his ways. This is the exact impression people get when **Rodney Jackson** decides to threaten campus reporters for writing about what he did in a meeting to the Dean of Livingston College. This is the exact impression that people got when **Chris Agostini** threw soda on Dave Guercio for questioning why both Agostini and that other hippie, Alvarez, decided to no longer attend University Senate meetings because, in Agostini's paranoid world, the Senate is "homophobic." Of course, these are the same people that called this paper (and me in particular) homophobic. Obviously, these people and truth are estranged. **Cynthia Grob** doesn't do much in the way of throwing things; actually, she doesn't do anything. That's what's wrong with Cynthia — she doesn't really do anything at the L.C.G.A. except try to piss people off. Furthermore, she brings up issues that have nothing to do with the students of Livingston College. A few weeks ago, she spoke about a certain drug and about how "underprivileged women" in urban areas would not be able to refuse said drug (unfortunately, I cannot recall the drug's name....), which was apparently intended to mitigate their ability to propagate or somesuch thing. Apparently, Cynthia believes that these women are not possessed of the mental faculties or civil rights to refuse such treatment. I'm generally against what she was saying....well, actually, I didn't understand what she was saying because she said it so aggressively (there's a difference between being aggressive and being assertive, kids), and generally instilled boredom and indifference in all that were "listening."

So what is it that I'm trying to tell you? It's quite simple, actually: **Don't vote for Chris Agostini, Rob Alvarez, Cynthia Grob, or Rodney Jackson in the L.C.G.A. elections today!!** These people are **directly responsible for the fucked-up condition of the governing association this year!** Last year, I made a plea to all of you to get off your asses and vote. Apparently, nobody listened. Will you be so apathetic again, or will you reclaim your G.A. from these hippie radicals?

One Final Note: You'll notice (if you've been paying attention) that I didn't mention Xavier Hansen or Jesse Gribbon. Well, Xavier is supposed to be graduating this year, but if he doesn't, **don't vote for him, either.** He's the ringleader of the bunch above, and is also prone to paranoid delusions of conspiracy in all that don't believe what he's saying or support him in his actions. Hey, nutty people are fun to watch, but would you give them roughly $800 a semester to allocate to themselves? (That's what you pay in student fees, in case you didn't notice.) Jesse's coming along nicely, and though I still have my doubts, he seems to be forming his own opinions, at least. Unfortunately, the grape vine has it that he'll be going off abroad to study next year. I hope he has fun, but if he brings back another measles epidemic, I'm gonna be madder than a dog in a hubcap factory. So there.

midwest perspectives

from 3

being?" -That women are always preoccupied with the need for attention from a man and are born with the will to submit? And that a man has the right to demand sex, for he deserves it and so was meant to dominate? Some people fit these descriptions only because this is what they have been taught. But, on the whole, the emotional capacity of a man goes far beyond only being able to fight and fuck. And, a woman's mentality is not always focused on sex, but usually how to fight against that assumption. Are you not angered when others assume things about you simply because of your genitalia? I myself find nothing more offensive then when another of my own gender tries to impose the sexism she has been instilled with on me, and my friends who are male have expressed similar dismay to being told that they themselves should learn how to "act like a MAN." I never want to "act like a lady" and I'll tell you all why: I will not be subjected to anyone's "idea" about me, and I will not compromise my mind by cowering to that kind of oppression. No matter what society tries to tell me, I believe firmly that the greatest tool of SEXISM is education, the proof is in that father who let's his son watch pornography or that mother who shows her daughter how to apply make-up. - Gwen

DEFINITION OF THE WEEK: fester- to rot. "Damn right I need to do laundry...those jockeys are beginning to fester."

l'amour

Scardino from 3

female: "Hi"/"Like, uh, hi", depending upon level of blondness and drunkenness. Men in this mode usually regard women as hot pieces of meat on a buffet table, or fish, as the fellow quoted earlier described them. Don't talk—it could "Spoil the mood". Giggle a tad. Play with your hair. Stare seductively. They'll probably drool.

If you chose B., then, to both sexes, TALK. See if you like the soul, as well as the body. Of course, a few too many can inhibit this process. Talk 95-100% of the time, and then, see what happens. Oh—this has been bothering me—What is with this "call me" power struggle that's been goin' on around here? "Call me—"Oh, why don't you call me"—"No, can't you call me..." PLEASE. Don't be shy. If you are interested, just get your act together and call. Do it. Zandar knows all, sees all.
You gotta talk to get to know someone, REALLY!

C. NO NO NO, stupid, stupid... You can't just acquire a mate like a car or an apartment. Chill—being single ain't so bad—if you look too hard, people will think you're a serial killer.

D. Hey, good freakin LUCK, buddy.

Activity of the week—WEAR FUCKING SUNSCREEN!!!!! Or just regular sunsereen would be fine, too. Look, laying out was SUPPOSED to have died out with the eighties. Did anyone ever hear of a little problem we call MELANOMA?????? If you feel the need to be bronzed, use self-tanning lotion. Tanning salons are not safe. To me, an excessively tanned or burned person says, "I am clueless about the nature of UV radiation", meaning that they are pretty ignorant, meaning, they can just GO AWAY. PLEASE—I'm WORRIED about you!

YOU RODE IN ON BAD ART ABOUNDS

By Bartley Mulligan and Senior Art Critic (and sassyboy) Jay Kinney

Rutgers University has many things going for it: Money magazine rated Douglass, Rutgers, and Livingston Colleges amongst the top value colleges in the country. This honor pales in comparison to the lesser-know but even more prestigious award of being the University with the most outstanding collection of bad sculpture in the country. Each of the New Brunswick campuses boasts a distinctive environmental sculpture which in our learned opinion, both "bites the big one" and represents the character of the campus upon which it has been inflicted. We begin our odyssey on Busch campus, a campus better known for its horrendous architecture and notoriously slow social life (for example, the biggest "hot spot" on Busch is the fertile cruising ground known to the cognesiti and S&M, i.e., the Library of Science and Medience).

The Busch Monstrosity:

Located in front of the

Psychology department, this piece appeals to the Busch audience due to its medical overtones. It makes obivous reference to the earpieces of a stethoscope; and has the additonal charming feature of being an interactive piece- one can engage in conversation through the conical ends, providing hours of enjoyment for those action—starved engineers. It also serves as an icon for the Busch worshippers of the female genitalia (both interior—the fallopian tubes—and idealized—two holes for double pleasure). This piece receives the rating of **FAIR**. We wouldn't want it in our backyard, but it might be fun for the kids.....

The Cook Embarassment

While the other colleges proudly display their bold sculptural statements, Cook, understanding more about pollution, keeps its bad art indoors. The Landscape Architecture Department lobbied vigorously against the defamation of the outdoors and was successful in keeping Cook's embarassment under wraps. In general Cook is not fond of "them there cultural thangs," and only accepted this piece because of its organic composition. Debate rages amongst the experts in Neilson Dining Hall as to the actual nature of the work. Some claim it is composed of a great deal of discarded chicken bones an enterprising server pawned off as a great work of conceptual art, while others contend that it is the skeletal remains of the "Jersey Devil," unearthed in the bowels of Helyar Woods. A third school of thought firmly maintains it is merely a metaphor for "bonin'." We feel that this work is deserving of a **FAIR** rating, due to the saucy placement choice. We highly reccommend viewing this work from the table directly under it. This vantage point lends an immediacy to the piece that a photograph does not convey. The work speaks profoundly to the precariousness of our lives and the vagarities of our souls. We are also exicited by the inherent danger of a suspended piece of metal with an electrical current running through it—it's got lights, you know.

The Douglass Bitch

An obvious feminist statement, the Douglass Bitch strikes a commanding pose upon the Cooper Green threatening George Street. Appropriately named Karma (a Batammaliban word for bitch in heat), the piece subverts the dominant paradigm twice—in effect returning unto it. Karma, with rear legs spread is obviously a gesture of sexual subservience. "Man's best friend" indeed, Karma alertly searchs for her master. The swing invites all comers to "ride the bitch," an offer which countless students have advantage of. We've both taken Karma for a ride but still can only rate her as **FAIR**. From an aesthetic

standpoint, we find it to be too obvious in its representation (regardless of its razor-sharp accuracy). Sadly, this piece will deteriorate and Karma's sexual appeal will dwindle as the rust corrodes her shapely form. Budget cuts hindered completion of this project and the accompanying pile of feces was never assembled.

The Livingston Travesty

Mel Edwards, a sculpture professor at Mason Gross, designed Livingston's travesty. As an environmental piece, it blends remarkably well with said campus as it accurately reflects the awkwardness and coldness inherent in the architecture of the surrounding buidings. The composition, polished steel, captures that coldness unlike any other substance could (with the exception of ice—not very practical, but it would not still be plaguing us had it melted). This piece should have been titled "Education rests on Money," as it is a heavy-handed representational work that clearly illustrates the necessity of money to support books. Of course, those coins could be "Gold Coin" condoms, but then what would

would that say about education? The work clearly illustrates the basic tenent of minimalism, that being use as little material as possible thus saving money. Sources inform us that the materials (and money) saved by the artist's minimalist leanings went towards the construction of Karma, our favorite Douglass bitch. Surprisingly enough we found this work extremely **FAIR**. It could have been much worse, but it kind of jazzes up Livingston. It has a certain, shall we say, "je ne sais quio." Panache, elan, call it what you will.

The Rutgers Eyesore

The final piece in our brief compendium of environmental sculpture at Rutgers is a Herbert Ferber original known affectionately as "that hunk of shit in front of Brower." Herbert (rhymes with pervert) Ferber was a dentist by trade and a Rutgers alumnus who has chosen to grace this campus with his "art." We get the feeling he was not particularly pleased with the quality

of education he received "on the banks" and devised a particularly sadistic way of settling the score. While many view the piece simply as a mistake, one of its secrets is revealed when it is viewed from the side. Ferber was a proud supported of Tricky Dick Nixon and if you look closely at the photo (or the piece) you will see his noble profile glaring at the obscenely designed Atrium. Legend has it that the piece is actually a coded treasure map loosely based upon an acient Mayan star chart. If properly deciphered, it will lead you to the cheapest, cleanest, off-campus apartment in New Brunswick with frisky exhibitionist co-eds with large windows and no blinds next door. We feel this piece is deserving of the highly-coveted and widely-received **FAIR** rating for its unique and powerfully charged presence. In our professionaly opinion, we think it's

FUCK YOU AND THE HORSE

ANOTHER GOOD SHOW YOU PROBABLY MISSED

Bartley Mulligan & Mike Haskell

MILDRED PIERCE
THE URCHINS
EX-VEGAS
COURT TAVERN 4/16/94

I went to the Court the on Saturday night and had a really good time. For all of my readers who aren't 21 or don't have fake identification, heed my words: dress in layers when you go to a show at the Court. It gets damn hot in there...not to mention loud, but they sell earplugs at the bar so even if you overheat you won't leave deaf. Saturday's show was fabulous—three great New Brunswick bands took the stage (such as it is) for a rollicking and rumbling night. For a change, I knew a great many people there...

The opening band, **Mildred Pierce** is one of those bands whose name you see on flyers but never get to see. I'd suggest you change that and put them on your list of bands you've seen more than once. Lord knows I'll be back to see them again. The band is three women and my friend Chris, a man who's been on the N.B. music scene for quite a few years now. They were good. I liked them a great deal. You will like them too. They play loud punk with grace and precision. I wasn't taking notes so I can't tell you what songs they played but it was an energetic set that had the crowd jumping up and down.

Starting up the second set of the night, New Brunswick's next big band, **the Urchins**, lived up to all the pre-show hype that I'd been tossed. The quartet features "Velvet" Bradbury on vox and occasional acoustic guitar, supplementing the dizzying guitar work of former **Hopeless Romeo** band member Albie Conelly. Crowd reaction to Conelly's skills: Cathy Decker, a local sales rep., says "The guitar player, holy cow, his fingers are so quick!" Great praise, indeed.

The Urchins, though, are tightly knit, and no one member stands out for long. Bassist Andy Gessner and Drummer Dave Reynolds provided the backbeat for this illustrious group, keeping them tight, clean, and funky throughout the show. Of particular note was the quartet's cover of the Partridge Family's "I Woke Up in Love," played sans camp and with all the vitality of Marilyn Chambers in "Insatiable." (Good movie, by and by.)

The band took the stage to a pumped up crowd about 12:30, and quickly jumped into "Love," setting the mood for a raucous evening. Velvet's vocals, to quote another paper, are about as smooth and soft as a lioness capturing dinner. This is not a detriment, however; the fire in her voice is beautiful, and provides lovely irony as she coos to a former lover during "I'd Like to See," a song which conjures images of dropping the poor sod off of a fifty-story building and boiling him in oil until his skin drops from his limbs and face. Watch the jewels around this one, boys.

Of additional note was Francois on the auto-harp and backing vox, as well as Amy of **Ex-Vegas** helping out on the harmonies. It's great to see that the New Brunswick music scene (is it a true scene yet? If not yet, it will be soon...) is so co-operative. Warms the heart, truly.

Dripping with sweat, **the Urchins** finished off their set with a couple of songs that I didn't catch the names to. Alex of **Ex-Vegas** joined Albie for the guitar chords, allowing the Al-ster to rip off one incredible fucking solo. The chick was right; that guys fingers are, holy cow, incredibly fast.

Moving right along to the headlining band, **Ex-Vegas** came out to an eager audience and did something rather unoriginal but effective: the played well, and they played loud. How loud? Loud enough for me to feel it in my toes. It's kinda funny, I tried out with **Ex-Vegas** when they were still in their germinal stage (known as **Vegas Crash**) but it didn't work out. The bass player they settled on, Dave (I believe) fills out their sound nicely. And the vocalist Amy jams hard...as of course, Alex, Thiery, and Rich consistantly continue to do. They're a really good band and a really loud band and their music makes me really happy. What else can I tell you? **Ex-Vegas** is going to be featured on a disc being sent to college radio stations all over the country.

Any one of these bands is worth the money you pay to see them, and you should probably pay now while it's cheap...'cause it wouldn't surprise me if they all "make it." (whatever that means.)

Why I'm Pissed

By Bartley "Irked" Mulligan

This is why I'm pissed: I'm pissed because someone smashed my girlfriend's car window and stole a broken radar detector, a Commodore 64 computer, and my bookbag. I'm pissed because it was a stupid, senseless robbery. I'm pissed because the new Rollins tape was in the bookbag and I can't review it....it was good, by the way.

I'm pissed because my roommate and I are embroiled in a stupid dispute with our former roommate. I'm pissed because it's an petty situation to be a part of, but I'm more pissed that my former roommate would try to stiff us for PSE&G money. And I'm pissed I have a headache and there's no asprin 'cause it was in my bookbag. I could go on, but why bother? You've got problems too.

We are all God's Children

Personals

You can't rape the willing.

Janet— The brothers of APD would like to acknowledge you as chapter B.B. Weebee, and wish to extend on invitation for you to claim your prize. —Big Daddy Fujay

---

All she needs is one drink and she is yours— Those fucking french, smoking cigarettes, eating fatty cheese, nothing hurts them— You are all cattle swine— Thank you very much, Goo

---

John— I want to take a long drink from your Biggie. Man You Drown

---

SWM, 29, RU Grad, w/all the right qualities including great looks, and sweet loving personality, won't settle for anything but the best, seeks SF with brains and beauty, who's also looking for a real catch! For a wonderful relationship, possibly LTR. P.O. Box 10183, N.B. 08906-0183. I'm 4REAL, UB2!

SWM searching for SWF. Must like the smell of rain, E.E. Milne books, Elmo cars, Amaretto Sours, lots of affection, too much affection (is that possible?) big noses, big teeth, big ears, hyper-reactive emotions, road trips to Athens, stubborness, stupidity, debt, nipple & belly rings, really bad back pages, country griddle pancakes, chicken stir fry without the chicken, Knorr chocolate mousse, October 31 weddings, color blindness, stubbomess (Did I mention that?) Barney or Alladin sheets, a teddy bear named Alice, Amethyst jewelry, outright brain damaged, but really good intentions. Find me. RPO 4380.

Girls, want some adventure? Imagine long summer nights lying under the stars in states of orgasmic bliss as your handsome, longhaired lover eats you out and makes you come over and over. Then awake in the morning for a slow dreamlike fuck... Live it! Rich P.O. Box 636, Piscataway 08855

You scare me immensely.

Just to let everyone know, I'd really appreciate it if every one stopped calling me "Squid" and start calling me by me real name.— John

---

To the Easy DeeGees— You tap once I'll tap twice. Fideas!! ITB

Women... looking for just one to share very good times Possible additional female (if wanted). Serious only need apply. Race unimportant, size unimportant unless totally ridiculus. Respond via *Medium* Box 12-2

TASHA—COOPER BOY WOULD LOVE YOU IF YOU HAD A BUTT WHAT ARE YOU STILL THINKING OF CARLOS? LOVE THE BJQ

GWM— 20's, 6', 160#, cute boyish looks, is searching for a good looking Indian, Hispanic, Latino, or White GM in NB area open to idea of long term relationship. RESP PO Box 4332, Highland Park, NJ 08904.

Very handsome, intelligent, talented SM (romantic) with gorgous body tired of head games looking for beautiful woman to share friendship and fun 2 start. Trouble finding men who care about you, not how you look or can't see you for who you are? Write PASSION NIGHTS via *Medium* box 8-1.

Cashewboy— You can drink my biggie whenever you want. John

"Desperate person" in need of some comfort from other people who have had boyfriends or girlfriends who have cheated on them. Please write to Red Shoe Diaries LPO 11334, P.O. Box 5064, Livingston Campus. I'm in need of your responses.

Buffy— Thank you very much. And by the way, there's plenty you can do for me, just try. ♥John

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Actually, I do owe you for voting for me way back when. My election speech promised you, well, to put it mildly, a fuck that will blow your mind as well as your sword of manly power. How about that offer? ♥Buffy

---

Reena— All you have to do is bring your hand, we'll throw you in the tub to clean you up. Your a piece of shit whore, and you always will be. Live in it. Call me 1 800 HOT FUCK

White male, 21, interested in learning Japanese from native speaker. Very sincere and will answer all replies. Please contact Darin, P.O. Box 4165 Dunellen N.J. 08812-4165

Dominick G.— Hey sexy, how'd you ever get to be so good-looking? —Your Secret Admirer (yes, on your campus)

RU. SWM w/ long wavy hair and a hot healthy clean body seeks similar SF 18-30 for extremely erotic, artistic explorations. I have a very talented tongue and cock and I want to light up your life with intimate orgasmic pleasure and adventure! Write Rich P.O. Box 636, Piscataway, NJ 08855

Dan— I don't like your bad attitude. Please go away. ♥Sid

---

1. Bill Bixby 2. Corn 3. Schneider 4. Uh, uh, anal love beads 5. 1-900-LICK-ME-BABY 6. FOOJAY 7. Can I have a lima bean? 8. John Otterstrap-on-dick 9. Turkey bread 10. Midget chimpanzees THIS IS DANNY BONADUCE SIGNING OFF FOR MEGA MEMORY, FANTASTIC!

Girls are emotional wrecks, running from cock to cock until they are roast beef, before they know it, they're sucking cock on the corner of STONE ST. They sell ass for beer, drugs and money, they're all the same. Pandolph, Mortimer, & Schnideay

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SWM Grad Student/Professional, 29, 5'10", true model looks, and positive, humorous personality seeks SF, any race, with a spectacular body and personality who wants an older, mature man to make beautiful music with. If you've got the "bait", I'm your "catch"! P.O. Box 10183 N.B. 08906-0183. I'm 4REAL, UB2!

BJQ— WE WANT TO SNAP FOR YOU LATER BUY ONLY WHEN YOU WEAR THE LEATHER BRA WE CAN SNAP ALL DAY LONG, LONG ALL DAY LOVE THOSE WHO KNOW YOU BEST

Mark— Not much to say since I write you mail all the time. Hi. When are we getting married? That just about sums it up. ♥Lori

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Dear Purveyor of Pornography— Sick mind, sick life. Please send more of your fine publications along with your favorite sexual fantasy that involves one or more of the *Medium* staffers. If you act quickly, we'll give you your very own spread in the final issue of the *Medium*. Love, kisses, and a good pummeling with the Back Door Buddy— Your friends at the *Medium*

Pooh— Sorry about page 8. I publicly made a fool of myself and publicized our private life. now I'm publicly apologizing for my actions. ♥Piglet

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MOUNTAIN BIKE FOR SALE 20" Paramount series 50, Deore DX component, Manitou front suspension, Onza barends, new cond. Rode in woods once. $1100 new— sell for $700. Call Jeff at 828-4229.

Hey you red-headed freak! You suck at hockey! You couldn't play if your life depended on it! And tell "Stuart" to go fuck himself.

To the really stupid girl, Terry I think, in my Death Class MTh2— SHUT UP. Don't you realize that there are 450 other students trying to learn something. Go away.

Sian— You are the love of my life, drop what you're doing and develop my negatives. (Not that you're not developed enough!) ♥John

---

John— I want to take a long drink from your Biggie. Man You Drown

---

Anyone looking for a quiet night to Pizza Hut and then maybe to the Gap? That's all I'm asking for, we take things from there. John LPO 16405

Nan— If you become a mute, how are you going to sing 'Lookin' back on the track for a little grey rat...? Don't worry, I'll still let you go to the bathroom in my bed, or Bri's. ♥La

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The hardest thing to learn in life is which bridge to cross and which to burn...

How do you solve a problem like Monisha? Just kidding roomie— but... pin any clouds down lately? What'll you do now my brown eyed one? I'm goin back outside 'fore the rain starts a fallin' Join me in a study break— finals are final this year. .J.

To the blonde guy who always wears the blue plaid shirt and always comes to the BCC alone; you shouldn't be alone! I think you're gorgeous! —A Secret Amirer

---

Alaska Summer Employment
Earn up to $8,000+ in two months. Room and Board! Transportation! Male or Female. No experience necessary For more information call:
(206) 545-4155 ext A5130

What comes around goes around— I must say that you deserve every bit of pain yo're going through. This is what you get for being such a hateful piece of shit. HA HA HA!!!

I can't remember whose birthday is on the 24th of April. I think that it is someone important. Nah, can't be I would remember it then. Well whoever's birthday it is... Happy Birthday!

To Crosby 3304— Everybody else sent a personal in, so I figured it was my turn. SO... Nikki, Kristen, Erica, Jess, and Ivette— Although I'm never home, I love you guys and moving in this semester was the best thing I've ever done. — Karen

---

When it's warm outside, timers come out.

Have questions about your sexuality? Confused about how to lead your life as it was meant to be led? Want to find out where to meet other people like you? Or do you know someone who is "gay," and you have questions about relating to them? Call the **Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual Hotline** at **932-7886** to talk to an understanding, non-judgemental peer counselor. Operates from 7-11 pm weeknights. All calls anonymous.

Matt— Why do you bother with that squeaky little cunt. You deserve MUCH better. We all know that she is easy and convenient but REALLY Matt... a rat would be less annoying. And just imagine Matt - a rat wouldn't ask anything from you in the morning like that whore Rosie.

Apparently this Rosie person is having a few popularity problems at the moment.

This Friday, at the Demarest Cabaret— The Return of the Tongue! A powerhouse of purely ridiculous and/or mildly progressive music, featuring the oh-so-illustrious Billy "Z" Duke *(and a list of names too long to put in— Butch)* Hear songs that haven't been performed in two years, and learn just why you can't stop and an ant (when he crawlin down yo laig). You just can't lose with this kind of closure

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Hey EVAN K. of PHI PSI— Too bad we lost the game on one cheesy card to the singer & the drummer. We know we're smarter, they just got lucky! We should all get together and do that again— it was lots of fun.— Your trivial pursuit partner

---

To that bitch that works at the red barn with the horses— You know who you are, you keep yelling at the work study students for removing the hay. Well, I feel sorry for your husband. Because when you come up to him with that sugar coated voice...

...I hope he knows it's not to ask him to have sex with you or to compliment him on his tie... but to scream at him and totally confuse him. I really hope he learns this early on. Good luck finding someone who can put up with that shit.

R.U. a TALENTED DRUMMER? Looking for a serious band? We are it; diverse cover, once established, original. Preferably 1st year for long-term committment. Call Emily (745-0650) or Doug (745-0399) to arrange audition.

Personals (deja vu...)

Tenshi— Thou knowest all that is within my heart. Thine beauty and wit doth enchant me and lay claim too all of my thoughts. I look forward to every moment I spend with you though those times are sparse of late. I hope one day there will be a place in your heart for me and I can call you my beauty. From the Beast.

Melissa— These past few weeks with you have been great. In my darkest hours you have been my one shining light. Even when you asked me to be the teacher, I have done nothing but learned and grown from you. I thank you. With much love— DK

To the girl who signed up for 308 Stonier Hall next fall, please contact me (juliana) at 745-1459 about rooming together next year... I have housing problems right now, and would like to talk to you first. Thanks!

---

mom says, if boys do not do their chores, they become shitboy and must be pennied...

EKS— So, how's the band going, meet any madmen yet, or ust one? Anyway, the real nature of all will soon be resolved, and I will as always ne vindicated!! Oh, whatever, nevermind— MCG (put on earth to annoy)

THE APOCALYPSE IS UPON US!!!!! The Council of The Apocalyptic Observers wants to know if you believe that the end is soon then join our organization. We don't think you're crazy... the time is now— e-mail tarajean@eden or emoyle@eden.

Send CARE to protest it for you. They're so darned effective in these earth-shattering matters

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ADAM, TOM, ARE, BILL, KEN— Thanx for great nights on the couch! I love y'all: ADAM, because you're the big brother; TOM because you pull knives on strangers; ARC because you love PB and jelly; BILL because you like to hit things with cars, and KEN, just because you're you...

Yo Rosie— Do you think that you are God's gift to the entire world? Why don't you take a good look in the mirror and look at yourself? I don't know what you see but I see a little immature squeaky whining bitch.

So there.

Ravegirl says that the CREATURE must go... Rave-a-roni. P.S. She also says that Raveboy needs to rave more!!!!!!

Come on ot to Cafe Newz this Tuesday Night (the 19th) around 9 pm, to see Billy "Z" Duke take his vocal cords to the limit. I'll be playing almost everything I know, so no one will be disappointed.

The Duke gets the official Butch Snap of Approval. This is such a must see/hear/experience event. He is a personal fav of my personal rough rider as well. Make sure Billy plays the "crimson and clover" song. It rocks. (Rock on, Billy!)

To veteran eden users— KILL THE NEWBIES! And remember: Always count to 10 before you hit your computer with a baseball bat.

ADAM ADAM ADAM— TO THE GREATEST BIG BROTHER IN THE WHOLE WORLD (sounds pathetic, eh) Just wanted to say thanks for always helping me out and not getting tired of me (well, not usually). Hugs and Kisses and lots of luck in the "real world" doogie. Love ya! Your lil' sis.

Sara H.— just wanted to say hello to you, dear, so I will. "Hello!" There. Hope to see you soon— Dan

---

He who wears bowling shoes to Gama Sig is destined to be pegged, Gary. Especially when they match your shirt and you have a ever-so-slightly funky hair-do.

To the girl who signed up for 517 Hardenburg next fall, please call Melinda at 745-1459 about rooming together next year, there may be roommate changes... thanks!

To Rosie— Please shut up. Really. I cannot live my life taking Tylenol for the headaches you give me. Let alone passing it out to my friends to spare the the torture. We could all invest in earplugs, but we would rather you just shut up.

Dan— Guess what? (what?) Chicken butt.

Deirdre (sp??)— Guess who? (who?) Chicken poo!

Attention Chris Mc.— We're glad you're back, we love your strip. We're especially glad that Carl is just another gravy person. If you'd like to meet us in person, respond via *Medium* box 7-1. We hope there's room for two more in that Quees size bed of yours!

They need a ride to Dallas. Think you could help 'em out, Chris? ♥Buffy

---

Beth & Gig-face— ♥YOU!

Matt (the hot hunk of maleness who helps with anatomy lab)— I am a senior who would like to do a hands-on and in-depth study of your anatomy before I graduate. If you're interested in doing a little private tutoring, please contact me at CPO 3518.

Oh, honey, his "tutoring" rates are too high for you. Although he did tutor me the other night... all night long... and it was worth every penny Meow. So I say go for it - ♥ Butch (P.S. Matt— CPO 3518 belongs to a female, if you care.)

To Barby and Nessi— I'm really going to miss my two best friends. I can't believe it's really over. Well, just cause it's over doesn't mean it wasn't wonderful. I love you girls so much. Barbara, you taught me not to read a book by its cover, and Venessa, you taught me how to keep up my hope and trust people. I'll never forget you, both. ♥ Annie

---

SWF w/crayola fetish seeks lonely color-collecting men with a desire to color my world. Appreciation of midnight blue a must, favonte color a shade of wild strawberry also a plus. If you are interested in bringing rainbows to my life respond to CPO 1462.

Well color me happy

To the LCGA— Maybe you folks should hold your weekly meetings at Marlboro State Psychiatric Hospital since that's where most of you belong. You totally sickened us on 04/11/94. And compromise is not an un-noble thing— Your constituents.

Rosie you smelly little whore. Why don't yo grow up and stop acting like a fucking three year old. No one likes you or your whily little voice. Shut the hell up and save us all the headaches.

Rahesh D. had a huge joke played on him last week thanks to the *Medium*. Disregard the personal last week. It is not true. His friends made it up.

Why are men such jerks? Guys, is that an inherent quality of is that what they really teach you in that "special movie" in 5th grade? I GIVE UP!!

To the guy in Gamma Sig Sat. night who caught my attention discussing masturbation— you can only get it up once in a day? Please. If I don't spew three times in a day, I consider it a moral failure. So don't be so boastful.

Something to be proud of, dude.

Hey Girl— I bet you can't wait to down those JELLO shots for AG FIELD DAY! Who knows, maybe we can get those Kentucky boys to come party w/us. They love us — we're cool. Ha ha. By the way, thanks for being there for me all the time. I appreciate it. Luv ya– your ex-roomie.

I've been waiting for almost 20 years now to experience being with a woman. Is there not one female out there who could have answered my ad in last week's *Medium*? Have all of you paired off and left me all lonely and virginized? I'm not exactly desperate; just highly...

.. energized. I'm a mature, fun-loving, feminine, disease-free female who is looking for a lady with similar qualities for a spicy friendship. Write to LPO 11502 soon.

For sale: Billy Joel/Elton John tickets— Veterans stadium (4) 7/8; Giants stadium (4) 7/29. Call 878-1561 for information.

But you can only go if you bring your good friends Butch & Buffy And buy us each a giant pretzel

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An independent film company is looking for 18-20 year old actresses for a short movie to be made over the summer. No experience necessary. Respond via *Medium* Box 6-1.

Claudia I enjoy spending my life with you. To another six months. I wuv you— Hans

---

Inka binka bottle of ink.

Bri— Don't touch me. Can I get a bottle of Wickadell? A chocolate shake would be a good substitute, but since Big Boy Bob and Ronald are not accommodating my craving, I'll settle with the Wickadell. Don't touch me. I'm so smart! And I remember everything! And I love my hair. And my sweater. I'm so modest. Don't touch me. Always a kind word from me. Even though you won't believe me, I'll tell you this— I'm really sorry about the vampire/filthy rich thing. Honestly. Oh no! I think that statement qualifies as mush. Don't touch me. Mush under my fingernail, suck between my teeth, in my belly button... Is there no end to the torture that mush brings? But cappocino on 2 separate checks is fate... Don't touch me. ♥Fuzzy

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SEX STILL NEEDED. STILL WANTED. FROM A FEMALE. WRITE 11437. SEND A HAIKU.

MOUNTAIN BIKE FOR SALE 20" Paramount series 50, Deore DX component, Manitou front suspension, Onza barends, new cond. Rode in woods once. $1100 new— sell for $700. Call Jeff at 828-4229.

Guess who I found!! For all those who have asked about **Soccer Slut**, I've tracked her down. Well, actually she called and told me where she is. Doesn't matter. She misses you folks and wants to hear about your *fascinating* lives. Moreover, she'll be down for Ag-Field to hear your smut stones in person. For now, e-mail her at picraw@alumina.rutgers.edu. And send personals to me!! ♥Buffy

Personal Ad O The Week

MCI has completely lost it. Call this number: 800-969-4874. Weird.

Hey chickadees! Thanks to all who made my birthday a vast dark chasm of puken mess. Let's see, I danced on the bar, stripped off my clothes, hooked up with my roommate— Oh yeah, it was a treat and I owe you all. A lot. Moving along... send in your personals— buffster or kansas (both @eden.rutgers.edu) or send them to LPO 16405. Or shove your thumb up your ass. We don't care.

THIS WOULD BE SPORTS

When you run, you leave tracks...

by Jason Wisdom

Last weekend was a very special occasion for one of Rutgers' varsity sports. Imagine being a coach and not being able to host a home meet for 6 years. Better yet, imagine being a player and never once competing on home turf.

This is the rock the RU Track teams are finally crawling from under. For the first time in 6 years, they hosted a meet at their own university.

It might not have gotten as much exposure as the football stadium next year will, but over 100 alumni showed up as both the men's and women's teams played on Saturday. The new track was finished in November, about 2 days before the first snowstorm, but Saturday was the first time it was actually used.

The invitational resulted in 7 schools participating: Rutgers(obviously), Rider, St. John's, Fordham, New York Tech, and U. of Rhode Island (URI)'s women's team, and Boston University's men's team. Rutgers ended up placing first in the men's competition, and second in the women's.

Track and field is a long process. This meet took 5 and a half hours to complete. Each team competed in 19 events. Scoring for the day is based on what place each competitor come in for their event. The top 6 rankings are awarded points toward their team. First place gets 10 points, 2nd gets 8, 3rd 6, 4th 4, 5th 2, and 6th gets 1. Scoring depends on competitors, not simply school affiliations. In other words, if 3 of the top 6 rankings are from Rutgers, then Rutgers would get credit for all three participants, as was the case in the men's javelin throw.

Everyone, from the coaches on down to the spectators, loves the new track. "It has to be one of the best tracks in the entire nation," said Roberta Anthes, who coaches the women's team along with assistant Bobby Phillips. Many schools heard about this track's 'grand opening,' and wanted their teams to be a part of the festivities. This inaugural meet wasn't supposed to be as major an event as it turned out to be, but it's not likely that anyone's complaining.

For the past 6 years, the teams have had to go to Highland Park High School for their non-away meets. It was a real pain to lug two teams over there on busses for every practice. Stephen Theobald, the men's assistant coach, said that "Highland Park was really helpful when we were there, but it must have been tiring for them as well." As a token of appreciation, the teams now let Highland Park practice on their new track when they want to.

There are a couple of interesting features about the new track. One is the surface of the track itself. It's not asphalt, cinders or dirt. It's made of this technologically advanced thing, called "all-weather rubberized polyurethane." Anyway, it's a much better running surface for the athletes' knees, is much softer when falling down, and doesn't slow down a running pace. Football stadiums should seriously look into replacing their astroturfs with this stuff. A lot of careers would be extended. The second feature is that all of the events are held right inside the track. The long jump, javelin throw, discus, pole vault, and every other field event can take place right there. It's a real boost when teammates can cheer each other on, instead of having to perform their duties on some other field far away. This second feature is very rare in track stadiums, but the concept seems to work.

The players themselves were obviously psyched up by the field, as well. During Saturday's meet, a school record was broken- the long jump, by Jermaine Jackson, who jumped 7.54 meters, or 24.9 feet. When asked about the significance of this accomplishment, Jermaine said, "Now I can get through the rest of the season without going crazy from stress."

As far as post-season play in track&field goes, the NCAAs have an annual competition every spring, where they take the top 16 athletes in the nation in every event. Qualifying for this is, obviously, quite a feat. On a slightly less prestigious level is the IC4A's competition. (Don't even think of asking what ICAAAA stands for) The top 25-30 performers are taken for this contest. There are about 500 teams in the NCAAs. The IC4As encompasses about 100 teams. Making the IC4As is no doubt something to be proud of, but there is an ultimate goal on the national level.

As it turns out, Rutgers has another link of national importance in its possession. Tony Naclerio, the throwing coach (as in javelin and related field events), is going to be the throwing coach for the 1996 US Olympic team. Remember that when watching the next Summer Olympics. Go RU.

On Monday, men's coach Mike Mulqueen was available for a few comments while the team was resting over pizza. His impression of everything was basically summed up: "Great meet, great field, great pizza, everything was great. I have not one negative thing to say."

THE MEDIUM

NEXT WEDNESDAY

ELECTIONS NOTICE!

That's right, folks, it's that time of the semester, again, where we choose who's to blame for this paper. Anyone who wrote, drew, photographed, spooged, or did anything else for this paper is eligible to vote and/or run for the editorial board. Elections will begin NEXT WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27th, AT 9:30. There you have it.

APRIL 27th, 9:30 PM

FEATURES

Mad Dog Foams at Mouth (again)!

or: The Rutgers Posse to Fight the Screw
by Jeffrey Peter "Mad Dog" Mach

Q: What is the Rutgers Screw?

A:The Rutgers Screw is any University-directed action that harms someone who does not deserve it.

Q: What do you mean by "University-directed"?

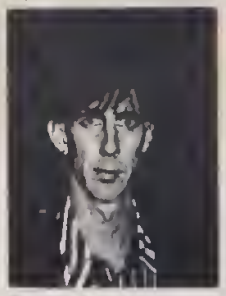
A: Coming from a Rutgers-empowered source acting in its role as a University outlet. A dean using his or her authority. A policy. A B.O.G. decision.

NOT a dean off-duty, a Taco John employee, or your roommate who accidentally scratches your Beatles albums.

Q: "Someone who does not deserve it"? That's a little vague—not to mention subjective.

A: And that wasn't really a question, but we'll answer it anyway. OF COURSE it's subjective. One dude's Screw is another dude's justice. There isn't always a "right" answer and we don't always expect to find one. That';s part of why the phrase is vague. Pretty much any big organization—like a University—is going to hurt undeserving people every day. Sometimes it doesn't have a choice. The Screw isn't always something the University wants. We couldn't stop every Screw if we wanted to, and we don't. We're not stupid. We don't expect to "right" every "wrong" at Rutgers and make everybody into shining happy people.

NOT MAD DOG



What we do want to do is simply take a stand against the Screw. Fight it down so that people who do it on purpose think twice before they try again. Stop some of the screwing so that a couple of RU's worst policies get removed. Be there both to deter the Screw and give people a way to strike back. In general, we want to improve University life as much as we can and speak in grammatically incorrect sentence fragments.

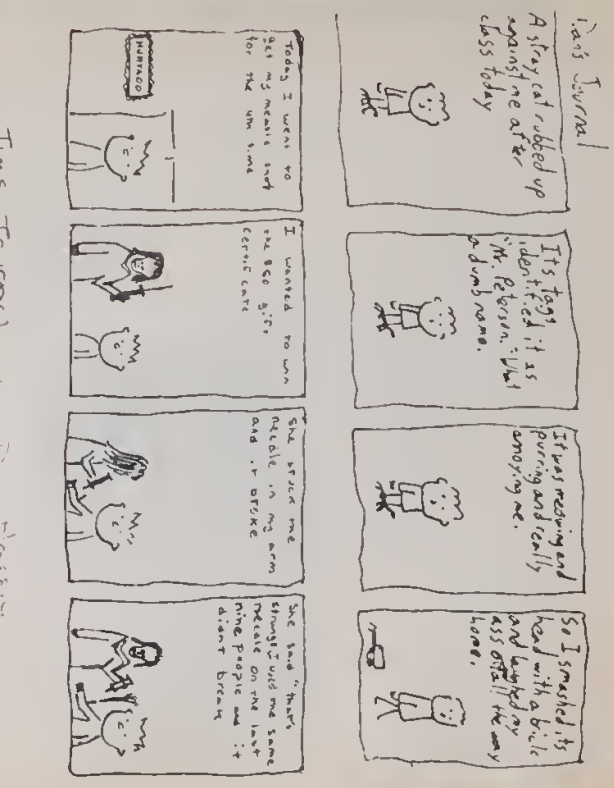
In that order.

Q: But I don't have time for that stuff! And even if I did, there's trillions of groups out there for me to join! Why this one? And what about all those other groups, anyway? Aren't you hurting them—further splitting up the active segments of the Rutgers student body, causing even more division to an already divided grouo?

bozo! Okay, here's why you might be interested in being with us. You don't really have to "join" us per se. We deal with a whole bunch of stuff in a whole bunch of different ways. You don't have to come to weekly meetings or put up posters or flyers, unless that turns you on. See, we don't work the same way most of the other groups do. I mean, blocking off College Avenue is all very nice, but all you're really doing is stopping STUDENTS from getting to class, and that really doesn't scare RU administrators. We prefer more fun stuff— guerrilla theater. For example, what if a couple of people decided to take part in a lively, historically-accurate depiction of the Black Death in medieval London—coincidentally right in front of a big campus tour full of prospective students? Rutgers wants those tuitions—it's vulnerable.

Instead of being one big, screaming mass—not that I have anything against big, screaming masses, I thought Caligula was a pretty neat movie—we're sort of a bunch of special operatives. We don't just go after the whole damn B.O.G.—we go after the little things, too. In fact, in many ways it's the lesser administrators, the petty bureaucrats who mess up student lives because they have no reason not to, that represent the worst things about the whole University. Our basic premise is that somebody should police the Administration so that it knows it can't mess people up with impunity. That somebody might as well be the RPFS, because it sounds like fun to us.

So what kind of people do we need? Creative ones! Fun ones! We value comedians over politicians, poetry over outrage, dirty jokes over battle-cries. We represent the humorous side of student activism, the fun side. We're not out to replace the bigger student activist groups—just to supplement them and give them a much-needed sense of the absurd. This is college! It should be fun! That's what we want—a chance to have fun, live, and learn in peace. Those are all things the University is supposed to help us do, so—nice people that we are—we'll help them help us! Isn't that nice of us?


Tim's Journal
I was walking to class today
A stray cat rubbed up against me after class today
It's tag, identified it as "Mr. Peterson" What a dumb name.
It was meowing and purring and really annoying me.
So I smashed its head with a brick and watched as its guts oozed out of its body.
Tim's Journal by Tim Klein
I was walking to class today
A stray cat rubbed up against me after class today
It's tag identified it as "Mr. Peterson" What a dumb name.
It was meowing and purring and really annoying me.
So I smashed its head with a brick and watched as its guts oozed out of its body.
Bill's Journal
I was riding the bus the other day.
This girl sat by me and wouldn't stop talking
So I farted.
She left.
by Bill Byrne

6. David Bowie has a young son— what's his name?

Kenny Loggins

FEATURES

POETRY GONG SHOW

Death

The thought is dark
Like empty shelf
The sinful soul
Will kill itself
Ravens celebrating
That's their day
The Devil's shadow
Will come this way
Freedom to free
Pain to the saved
Freedom to free
Life for a slave
Here thy is
Look and hear
The sins of his
Will cheer cheer
Price of silence
Is golden
Fear of him
Have been swallen
Blood everywhere
Death for gold
Nobody will dare
The day is cold
Freedom for free
Pain to the saved
Freedom for free
Life for a slave
Demons everywhere
Killing toking away
Angels are scared
Of deathrow tail
We can't pray
Churches are destroyed
Tickets to the heaven
Gotta be void
Gods became forgotten
Darkness cool
Fear death
Became the rule
Freedom to free
Pain to the saved
Freedom to free
Life for a slave
We are going
Without goal
Through the death
The grave the wall
Chains are broken
Happiness to sad
Forgiveness been forgotten
The glory dead
We looking for an exit
The walls ahead
The walls behind
The hope's dead
Freedom for free
Pain to the saved
Freedom for free
Life for a slave
The thought is dark
Like empty shelf
The sinful soul
Will kill itself
Ravens celebrating
That's one day
The Devil's shadow
Will come that way...

--Vladimir Khanin

Untitled

Tie me down and fuck me -- I'm kinda bored today
Tie me down and fuck me 'til my eyes are popping out of my head
Tie me down and fuck me "til my cooze is raw and bleeding
Tie me down and fuck me "til I forget what you look like because I hate you so much

-- Miranda G. Bookbinder

For Jake

I see your pain, it makes me sad
You should not even hurt so bad
Your love was cruel, she picked some fight
But looks damn good in fishnet tights.

--Miranda G. Bookbinder

WOOF

I LOVE YOU LIKE A DOG
NOT ONE OF THOSE POMERANIANS
BUT MAYBE
A DACHSUND
OH WHAT A JOY IT IS
TO PEER INTO YOUR
GLAZED OVER EYES
AFTER YOU WATCH ME
CLEAN MYSELF
AND THEN SMILE WITH
SEBACEOUS BREATH.

-- RIN TIN TIN

Suck My Clock

God I hate beatnik poetry.
It sucks.
Ginsburg, you suck.
Ditto for the other guy.
Damn freaks.
Eat me.

Fatty Matty

When I fart in bed
and hold the covers o'er your head
I often wonder why
you haven't scratched my eyes out yet

B.L M

NO women'
NO LUCK
NO fuck.
Are you
your genitalia?

— L.C.

MISS TEEN ALL AMERICAN 1993
BAD GIRLS
BAD GIRLS.
BAD GIRLS.
BAD GIRLS
If we can be of any
assistance,
please do not hesitate to
call.
L.C.

True Art

Creation is impossible without angst
So in order to create, I tear my heart and dress in black.
No one can truly understand what it is to be a tormented soul
My heart is wracked
My chest is tight
I cannot breathe
These are but symbolic gestures of the deepest agony felt by none but me.

--Miranda G. Bookbinder

Life Goes On...

...and I don't mean that guy, Corky.

april 21
The BFA Exhibit. Go get drunk for free. MGSA. I love art.
"The Piano" 7PM & "Remains of the Day" 9:45PM. Both at the RSC-MPR. Movies, Movies, Movies.
"Mrs. Doubtfire" CCC-MPR. 7:30 & 9:30. I love this broad, um, man.
Stagger Lee @ the Court Tavern. They keep sending me this annoying flyer, STOP. For info: 545-7265.

april 22
Coffeehouse. 9PM.RSC-GSL
"Pelican Brief" 7 & 9:45.RSC-MPR
"Mrs. Doubtfire" CCC-MPR
Band Night. CCC.Cafe 9PM
"Looking Out Opening. Forbidden Love: The Untold Story of Lesbian Lives." 7PM, $7, call 932-8482

april 22 & 23
The Charlatans. @ Irving Plaza. Isn't a charlatan a swindler? I like the swindle life. It's good.

april 23
Night Train. Supposdly, they're good. @ the Old Bay. call: 246-3111
Eve's Plum. Free. I probably wouldn't go if it wasn't free. I probably won't go anyway. 4:30 RSC
"The Piano" 4PM BCC-MPR. Ooh, great. A movie about a piano. It's probably better than a movie about an acordian.
"Remains of the Gay." 7PM and "Pelican Briefs" 9:45. Both of these are at BCC.MPR. Fun.

Of the Same Breed:

Butch ♥ Barney

(The Picture of the Week)

april 23 (continued)
"Mohogany Women's Movement" LSC-Blumberg. 5PM. I like birch wood myself, or maybe pine.
Springfest 94...lots of cool stuff going on at Livingston. I really like the Sumo Wrestling. It's really fun. I liked it. It's a pain to get up. Not that I have trouble getting up.

april 24
The Gala Closing of "Looking Out" See the entry on 4/22. I like fags. I'm not gay, though. I might be, I'm not really sure. I do like women, though.

april 26
The Charlatans...Bartley just gave me the CD. @TLA in philly. 8PM.

april 28
Take Back The Night. I really can't make fun of this. I believe in this. I can't make fun of what I believe in, right? ...Kill the men. Kill the men.

april 29
Deinerfest. It sucks that it's inside this year. It wasn't that good last year and it was outside, now it's inside and it will suck even more. The whole point is that it is Deiner Park...get it? Deinerfest?
Poi Dog Pondering. w/Syd Straw. 8PM at Irving Plaza. I really like the Miniture Pincers. They think they're bad ass, but really they're smaller than a chihuahua.

april 30
The NJ Folk Festival. Last week, I typed in about a hundred names because there are so many people who are going to play at this Folky thing. One is: Kathy D. and the Lentil Soup Boys. I like this name.

may 3
Live. I saw them once. They sucked. See them @ the Irving Plaza. 8PM. Maybe they won't suck for you.

may 6
Genitortures. @ the Fastline. Also on 5/10. Look.

Another blank space that I'm filling in with a lot of useless type. Just to say hi to myself! I deserve it.

may 9
The Brand New Heavies. I like the older album. Bartley gave me the new one. It's too sing-songy. @ academy.

may 10
The Genitortures. They do this really good show. They do this wierd S/M thing with body piercing and stuff with the audience involved. Limelight.

available:

single man available for your pleasure. you must be a witty, attractive, clean woman. did i mention i'm single?

john. rpo 4380.

by the way, sorry i was so depressing last week. i think i'm ready to go out. maybe.

This is a blank space that I had trouble filling, I thought I'd use it to thank 3 very sweet women who sent me stuff. Thanks Nessa, Lynn, & Irene! You really made me feel better. I just wish you'd either gave me your #'s or you weren't engaged!
♥Johnny.